

27 Cumberland Place, New Feb. 28th. 55

Dear father & mother,

I am afraid my letters are very illegible? I write so much I get into careless habits of half forming my letters, & of making great blunders in words, writing a word which sounds like the one I would use, though often the meaning is quite different - I am afraid I shall lose all claim to good hand writing.

I left my journal where I had just turned Aunt Peggy's families all happy way, by being obliged to remain Tuesday night, & endeavoring to send word to that effect to Dr. Gray - Miss Lowell, Mr. Follen & Augustus were soon off to the theatre; & before a great while, Aunt Lizzy & Lizzy began to dress for the great "Gala Ball" they went off in their bands at 10 o'clock; they were in a room with Mrs. Wainwright, Mrs. Calvert, & some new "York Ladies" They said the next morning it was a very brilliant light. The toilettes were most elegant; & a great many distinctions & kisses were there. I did not see that my shawl, which I had had altered, came from the dry-house about an hour before I suspected it - I did not think it looked well in candle light, but I could not tell much; so as I said, the first time next morning was to look at it by day-light, & I should have thought it would have been in Boston! So you see things are not perfect, even though done in Paris - So when Aunt Peggy & I went out in the carriage, the first thing was to take it & have it done over again - Aunt Lizzy promising to send for it for me - I looked very cross about it, & tried to scold the woman; but it does not do much good; she insisted that it was very well done, that the streaks were in the silk, that though lighter than the pattern she thought I should prefer it so, &c. &c. but nevertheless agreed to do it again - Then we went to the Luxembourg, on our time receiving the American Orlers, which Aunt Lizzy kindly let me share. They were filled with anxiety & fears about the Atlantic. The Luxembourg is a beautiful palace, on the other side of the Seine - The Chamber of Peers held their sittings there before the present one was built, within a few years. We found a very polite guide who showed us through the different suites of rooms - The Chamber of the Peers is simple but handsome, & fitting looking, as if it suited its purpose; which I do not think is always an attribute of public halls - On the ground floor was one beautiful room, which was Mary de Medici's Bed-chamber. The ceiling & panels in the wall were painted by Rubens - The panels were away to be engraved from, I am understood. But the ceiling was beautiful, & the shape of the room was very handsome & beautifully decorated with gilding & carving. From that we passed into a very beautiful little chapel, where the children of the peers were formerly married, & which was the chapel for the Chamber of Peers; it was beautifully decorated, & there were fine paintings on the walls & ceiling - In the Luxembourg is the Ballroom - paintings, & looking

to the state, of the vivid French artists. As soon as they see their  
pictures are removed at the source. There were some interesting  
paintings, a some few I liked; but in general the subjects were so  
banal, & night wrought one could not bear to look at them, or see their  
more or what shows. I do not in general like the style of the French  
school. - But Aunt Sophie & I enjoyed our independence & our excursion  
very much, & spent the night in the garden of the  
saloon which are very handsome, though quite different from the  
Tombles, & then returned home. I dined with the children at  
5 1/2, the rest of the family being in bed. At 6 1/2, they departed at about 6 1/2, and I had to say "good-bye." Mr. Upham  
came at 7 1/2, & being all ready, I kissed & adieued Felix & Sarah, &  
Carroll from them a French roll & a kiss to Dr. Gray, & departed for the  
Rail. We reached Palais at 3 o'clock in the morning, after a comfortable  
ride, during which I slept most of the way in the cars. Having given  
our case-ports we were allowed to choose our baggage & depart with  
it to the steam-boat, but in reaching the boat were told we could not  
go on board without a permit, which we could not get until the Com-  
missionaire should bring the passports down to the wharf. - I went,  
in case my heels standing on a wharf at 3 o'clock at night! - It was  
nately the rain had ceased, though the ground was still wet. - I believe  
was the only resource - After a while the Commissioner arrived  
one could get on board. - He had had such fine weather in Paris  
we had flattered ourselves we should have a smooth passage, but  
the motion of the boat while still at the wharf was not very concen-  
ding. The boat was small & narrow, the ladies' cabin very small, & so  
close! & the spray dashed so the sea was so high that we could not have  
the windows down - some of the women were in the gentlemen's cabin,  
& almost every one was miserably sick, men as well as women, about  
12 a day escaped, & George Upham was among the happy ones, but he being  
on deck was quite wet with the spray which dashed over. He was very  
kind coming to see if he could do anything for me, and I am afraid  
I was not sufficiently grateful, I was so miserable! - It was so rough we  
were 3 hours instead of 2 hours crossing. And when we reached Dover the  
tide was out, & we had to land in little boats. Do come from a hot cabin,  
hot & sick & fidely, & sit crossin' in a little boat until it was crowded  
full, & then as if that were not enough to have one of the boatmen come  
round demanding a shilling for each person, & absent until he got it, when  
they had no right to a cent, & meanwhile letting the boat be trifling

away down among fighters & have to row & push back again, it was  
not a very hospitable or cheerful reception: - At last however we were  
on terra firma, & walking up to the hotel, I was refreshed with a  
basin of water externally, & a little tea internally. - Meanwhile Mrs.  
Upham went to get the luggage through the Custom House. They sit  
every thing of mine, & only appraising our feelings by bearing up the  
corners of my parcel boxes to keep me, instead of stopping to take the  
cross off. - We took the train for London at 10 o'clock. It was a beau-  
tiful, clear, fresh morning, & we got to London after 11, having our letters  
delivered on arrival by paying 2 shillings each more for our tickets,  
which we had bought quite through in Paris, "because we had taken  
the Express," & again, as one passenger indignantly remarked, "for we  
expressed 25 minutes behind the time late!" It was clear all  
the way until reaching London, when suddenly we seemed to  
plunge into a bank of smoke. The effect was very curious, it seemed  
as if in an instant "you were looking at everything through a smoky  
glass, and the sun were suddenly shorn of its rays & splendour."  
I found Dr. Gray waiting for me at the station, and we took a cab to the "bus"  
it seemed as if the ride to New were interminable, & I was thankful to  
get there & lay my aching head upon the sofa. - I found here, as I have  
already told you, the daguerotypes & a good heap of letters. - Among them  
one from Aunt Anna. - Friday I spent the day pretty much in writing.  
Saturday I dined at the Hookers. Lady Hooker had a violent attack of  
flux of blood to the head the week I went to Paris, & suffered a good deal  
of hours; she was relieved by leeches, but recovers but slowly, & is not yet down  
stairs, & I have not seen her. - The Hookers were kindly invited on Dr.  
Gray's staying there while I was away. - Sunday morning Dr. Gray walked  
to St. Dunstons Church to go to church with Dr. Lindley. I walked to West Park  
& then went with Miss Hooker to Mollate their parish. - Monday I walked  
up to Richmond, & on the afternoon Miss Hooker came by special invitation  
to see my daguerotypes. I am so proud of them. - Tuesday had nothing  
to mark it. - Wednesday Professor Cooke dined with us. It did seem  
rather absurd to call him professor, & think of him as colleague of Dr.  
Walker, Prof. Channing, &c. to say nothing of my husband; but I shall allow  
a little when Dr. Gray has spoken of him & introduced him as Professor.  
- But he seems earnest & interested, & I hope in time will prove himself  
worthy. - We had quite a talk together. - But being one of Charles' class-mates I  
can scarcely call he is a Down man, still less that his position in the world  
is marked out for life. - I remained - as far as outward things go - Thursday  
went by as usual, & Friday again was writing day. - After my letters were  
finished I went up to the Hookers to see if Dr. Gray would & with me to call

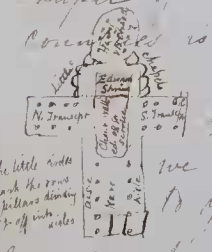


on Mrs. Bates, who while I was in Paris heard of our being at New Church,  
Lord William Fitzroy, who spoke of the Americans at Sir William Hobbes, where  
I chanced to meet him one afternoon. Mrs. Bates then betwixt him &  
Uncle Gray's note, & Mrs. Bates, taking a young Vanderweyer with her in the  
carriage, (this is Dr. Gray's account to me in Paris,) came down to call in making  
enquiries of Sir William at the garden, she heard I was an ear, & went then to  
West Park & sent her card to see Dr. Gray. For the account of the call  
I must refer you to his letter to me in Paris, which was amusing enough, &  
very descriptive, Aunt Lizzy said - In a few days came an invitation  
to Dr. Gray to dine there. He went, but Mrs. Bates was ill up stairs with a head-  
ache, so he dined tête-à-tête with Mrs. Bates, & had a long & pleasant talk  
with her - I had an idea from seeing Mrs. Bates' card that she had called  
upon me, & so I must return it, though she told Dr. Gray they were soon  
going to Paris & Italy; so away we bunched to East Sheen, where their country  
house is - "Engled," so we did not get in, but must retrace our steps; & with  
the morning work, & <sup>they the</sup> long walk, longer than I had supposed, I was heartily  
tired - but comforted myself with the reflection - that I should not have  
called after all; as on further questioning of Dr. Gray, I found she had not in  
fact called upon me, but had sent me the card. However it was too late then  
and I should not care much for being over-attentive, if Mrs. Bates had  
not so peculiarly said, "she was bound to do with Americans!" And I take  
pious God care not to add anything to the reputation of our Country-men  
for seeking acquaintances - But people at home sometimes do act "brookings"  
in good letters & introduction to people who have no claim "therein," & give a  
season of reputation abstractedly for science, who may merely have some  
sort of idea what it means, & so lower our just reputation for science by  
calling a man who is an ignorant scientific - People seem to think "scien-  
tific" & "Professor" capital titles to travel under; Dr. Gray says one never to call  
them "Professor," but he should be classed with many of the Americans who  
travel as Professors. When again, some people with no share in science  
in giving a person letters of introduction, is a distinguished man whom  
they scarcely know, but consider some passing words have given them suffi-  
cient acquaintance to authorize them to send anyone to them with a letter -  
and the people who would take such letters, are those who make the most  
vain use of "therein," so that a few vulgar people, sometimes in delicacy, give  
the nation a reputation not really deserved - The very spirit of individualism  
at home, & its effects at home, make us seem often incontinent &  
upstart, when, if they could understand us better, which I truly believe  
impossible with such an old, established order of society as here, they would  
see no freedom or boldness was meant - But I must be just where  
a letter of introduction is received, & where there is acquaintance so justly  
such an exchange, the English are generally very light & attentive - Much more  
so than the French. But where it is otherwise <sup>they</sup> are quite exceptions -

Saturday I was anxious to call on Mrs. Lawrence & had a most interesting  
 conversation with her. So as I wished to do the thing in style, for  
 the credit of the nation, we took a rough-hewn into town. Having to pay so  
 much to find, we thought we might do some slight errand also, & invited  
 with Henslow & Hooker, so I with me. Miss Henslow came on a visit to  
 the Hooker's & Miss Henslow is a daughter of Dr. Henslow's, a  
 botanist, & Professor in Cambridge University here - And she is the betrothed  
 of Dr. Hooker, who is now on a botanical tour in India. They were engaged  
 a short time before he went, with the understanding that he was to go  
 on this Expedition, & he absent, he had a few years. It is 3 years last November  
 ever since he went, & they are expecting a report he will come home this  
 spring - I hope he will, for I think his mother's father are both in a state  
 to need him - He is the only son living, & though not yet 35, has already  
 won a distinguished reputation. Miss Henslow is not pretty, but is interesting,  
 with a delicate complexion, & a cheerful, smiling way, with great simplicity  
 & sincerity of expression, & intelligence in conversation. But is yet back is  
 our intended Expedition. Miss Henslow unfortunately had a head-ache & could  
 not go - But Miss Hooker went with us - Having first gone to get tickets  
 from her Uncle in France's Chapel, who is master or keeper of the records, we  
 then went to the Temple Church. You turn down a narrow lane, leading  
 from the crowded, bustling, noisy, busy Strand, the very heart of London, &  
 suddenly find yourself near a green & quiet garden, one side bounded by the  
 Thames, where you see the boats noiselessly passing to & fro, & the other side sur-  
 rounded by buildings, old & ancient & formed in old times & preceptors of  
 the temple templar, whence its name, but is now devoted to offices & courts  
 & chambers of Law - Passing through one or two courts we came to the  
 church, one part of which, a circle where nave usually stands, is one of  
 the oldest in England. The church has been restored within a few years  
 & is very beautiful. The choir is Gothic, supported on beautiful marble  
 pillars, which were heathenish & white-washed some two hundred years  
 ago, but which, with great labour & expense, they were taken off, & now show  
 their beautiful clusters of this dark, mottled, highly polished marble - The  
 circular part has also three beautiful columns, slightly differing, & is showing  
 an earlier architecture, & lying on the floor, surrounded by iron railings, were  
 slabs supporting figures, which had formerly covered the effigies of some of the  
 old knights templar - Oh those fine, solemn, old effigies, how they always  
 impress me! - Those who had been on Boscades had their legs crossed; they  
 were dressed in armour, with their helmets on, shields on arm, & sword at  
 side. Some with hands folded, others their hands on their swords - Some they  
 know to be old Barons of Pembroke, others were unknown - And there they  
 still lay, quaint & stiff, & yet indescribably affecting, in this quiet spot in the  
 midst of this great London, so changed so hanging round them for centuries.  
 The church so beautifully restored, with stained glass windows, oak carvings,  
 &c. but it was greatly disliked, for the sexton said they had opened the win-  
 dows to view it, & when the King got in, it took some time to get it put.



The turned again into the Strand rose by Temple bar, & drove to Westminster & Abbey. First we went to the Chapter House. - This was the place where in old times the monks assembled; then it was used as a House of Peers in the time of King Stephen, & the old story says the peers were so noisy the monks asked to have them removed. For many years it has been used as the place of deposit of the records - It was a beautiful sort of building, with some of the large Gothic windows & roof, but when filled, (in houses & time & place) the records, they put on a wooden roof, & laid a plank floor over the main aisle, so that its beauties are now effectually concealed behind dark cupboards, & the old windows are filled up except a space for round topped little paneled small ones - Sir Francis Palgrave's card & Miss Procter's good company gained us admission - And they opened doors & made in the plank walls & showed us old carvings, statues & paintings on the walls, & lifted up trap-doors in the floor to show us where the tiles with their quaint figures were still perfect - It must have been very beautiful when perfect: then we were taken to a more retired corner & shown Down's-day book. The will of Henry VIII; a deed signed by Mary Queen of Scots when Queen of France; the signature of Henry VIII in gold ink. A deed between Henry VIII & Francis I, in which was attached a superb gold medal as seal, some 6 inches in diameter, most exquisitely carved. In old copy of Down's-day book, the will of some other Kings &c. - It was a strange, dusty, crumpled, & looking place - And such old, old sheets with great padlocks, & iron-bound, lying about - They may be moved the records to a building in Chancery Lane, & then talk of restoring this interesting, curious old place & Miss Procter then took the carriage to do some errands, while Dr. Gray & I went into Westminster Abbey. I mean to have a better look at it outside when we are staying in London, & I can walk around it - We went in by Poet's Corner - The whole building is regular Cathedral shape, with aisles on each side of the nave, transepts, & Choir, the Choir surrounded by smaller chapels, which of course are now destitute of altars, & are filled with monuments; & behind the choir is the famous chapel of Henry VIII, a sort of little chapel joined on, which in Catholic countries is generally the Lady Chapel, dedicated to the virgin Mary - This little ground plan is not duly proportioned, but helps you piece up some idea - The best corner in the north transept where we entered I have marked V.C. There is no use in enumerating them - You see distinguished men whose monuments are there - Then we went down the aisles in the nave & up again. They are all surrounded with monuments - Then a Deacon was to escort a party round the chapels, which are separated by iron-gates, where are the dotted lines, from the body of the church - Paying <sup>over</sup> we were admitted: - The little side chapels are



filled with monuments from the time of Edward the Confessor, who first founded the Abbey, down - Indeed the whole church is full. But it lost away all feeling of solemnity & near the main aisle were distinguished & undistinguished names, with comments; "this very ancient, 'that Italian style' - 'remarkable state of preservation' - 'much mutilated, but those Burnell's time' - 'very curious-alabaster' - &c. &c. At first I had to turn away & laugh it was so absurd - Now I longed to wander alone with Dr. Gray & see what I wished - Henry VIII Chapel is very beautiful, & the 'Glorious' style, with great pendants of elaborately carved stone like lace, dropping from the roof; but I do not like it so well as the more solemn & simple Gothic with the high pointed chattering arches of the rest of the building - In Henry VIII Chapel hangs all the banners of the knights of Bath; & there were many royal monuments, on one side Elizabeth, on the corresponding side, <sup>opposite</sup> Mary Queen of Scots, both effigies reposing under Canopies highly ornamented. Mary's effigy visible, Elizabeth's head. There were many interesting, & many curious, & when we came again into the side chapels, there was in one a monument to a child of Edward VI, I believe; but it was a cradle, the quaint, old shape, & a carved & elaborate covered pallium over it; & looking within, the little child apparently asleep, but so quaint! - In the centre of the choir, behind where the altar now is & separated by a carved screen from it, is the old shrine of Edward the Confessor, who in old times was made a saint, the ascended to it by rude, oak steps, or it is a little decorated enclosure, walled round by <sup>trunks</sup> of old old English Kings - their names, & some of the great men of their times - The shrine of Edward is an elevated part of altar looking tomb in the centre, & was formerly richly decorated with gilding & inlaid <sup>with</sup> precious stones; but its glory is departed - There was a beautiful brass effigy of Queen Eleanor on one of the tombs, so sweet & graceful! In this place the Queen was robed at her coronation, before going out into the choir to be crowned; & there was here the coronation chair in which the sovereigns of England have been crowned for I don't know how many 100 years, & underneath it the stone on which the old Scottish Kings were crowned. At the coronation the chair is covered with velvet & gold. On coming again into the body of the church we went round to look at the monuments in the North Transept, & then went to the carriage - There are innumerable monuments, & some of them in some outrageous taste; especially about George II time - Figures in Roman Armour & curled rags, Landscapes in marble, with clouds like dough! & such grotesque conceits! I do not think the best of modern ones, <sup>when the taste is much improved</sup> compare in solemn, dignified, religious effect with the old effigies, with clasped hands on their breasts, so quiet, so solemn. The church was very cold, & I got so chilled I was glad to stop at St. Dunstons - got a little warmer before we went to St. Laurence's - St. Laurence was

after all that "me" so we drove back to New, passing on our way the royal  
palace. It was a bright, clear, pleasant afternoon - Trib brother insisted I  
should dine with them, so going home for a cap etc. I walked up there,  
& we had a pleasant evening. Sunday morning I did not go to church, for  
the sea-sickness seemed to have quite abated in me awhile, & I was rather  
down for a time. I am better again, but have it another old in my head -  
& seem to be quite a constant - many have them; but our poor, old, Landlady  
has had a serious influence - Sunday afternoon we had a charming walk  
through the pleasure grounds. They are beyond the gardens, & the side towards  
that river is beautiful - ~~Quarry~~ On the opposite bank is Lion House, its park  
extending down to the water. And in the grounds just back of the water  
is a pretty, rustic cottage built by Queen Charlotte, where she used to come & take  
tea. Contrast the weather here with yours! Luc's letter, received this week,  
says it is so very cold, the thermometer 120 above zero at 9 in the morning! Here there  
are plenty of snow drops & crocuses in blossom in the garden, I have seen he-  
patiens in flower, & the little blue nemophila; & here the apricots are in blossom.  
Every thing is beautifully green, the birds are singing, & I cannot persuade myself  
it is not April - Yesterday the thermometer was at 54. Monday morning Dr. Gray  
arrived & Dr. Gray came in at noon, & asked me if I wanted to see the Queen,  
that she was coming down to see the garden, & Sir Wm. had sent him to take  
me in that I might have a look at her. I hurried over, & we dodged about  
the garden some time, but could see nothing of state coach or visitors, at last  
in our back in the Bankers house, we saw Sir Wm. accompanied Lord Seymour  
is the great gate, & saw him get into his carriage waiting there & drive off - I  
said the Queen must have come in the Palace way, & so we had missed  
her, & mortified & quiet, took our way back. As we passed his office I  
sent Dr. Gray in to seek Sir William; & he returning, cheered me by saying the  
Queen had not been in the garden, had <sup>not</sup> had time; only in the pleasure  
grounds, & that if I had staid at home I should have seen her pass the  
windows twice in the carriage - But I was consoled that we had not mis-  
sed her through any stupidity. - I must leave until my next letter. On  
account of a dinner party we went to in London. Tuesday & thank Aggie  
& Sue for their letters this week. Poay Ave Augusta, dear Aggie, my love &  
no more congratulations - Dear me! Shall I know any of you when I get back  
with all these changes? - I should think Aunt Louisa would find it hard  
to spare us. But young women seem to be always doing such things! - I do  
not know Mr. Prescott at all, but think he ought to be a happy man.  
Please some one tell Uncle Frank I should have written to him this week,  
but I have had a lame arm; it is better, but I have been afraid to write  
a great deal - Thank you, dear Will, for the trouble you have taken about the  
joccan suits. Dear papa, I quite long for the sight of your dear writing, it is almost  
3 months since you have written me - It least please send some kind message - occasionally  
Dr. Gray's & both of them visit me to Yours ever loving & affectionate, & faithful  
to all the dear ones